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## THE NEW YORK ART WORLD—II

An artist's studio is often a place of charm and fascination. The flavor of bohemianism pervades it—to the mind of many. On the contrary, it is generally a place of serious work; an artist's life is not all "beer and skittles." True, the younger men believe in the old



IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS  
By G. Glenn Newell

adage that a little nonsense now and then is a tonic to the more serious brain faculties, and the "devil's Welsh," which Shakespeare thought to be humorous, is often spoken by them.

There is more. Let me take you to a well-known New York studio. There are the usual hangings of richly colored stuffs on the wall, oddly carved chairs, those exquisite knickknacks which caught an artist's fancy scattered about; the high light of the large window falls strongly in the middle of the room, where before his easel, propped up in a low chair, sits Robert C. Minor. Trouble has come to him of late in great measure. Bodily ailments have withered his frame, and sorrow crushed his heart when bereft of his life-companion some months ago. Still, sweetly sings this poet of the brush before the canvas, and the landscape depicted breathes the inspiration of delicate

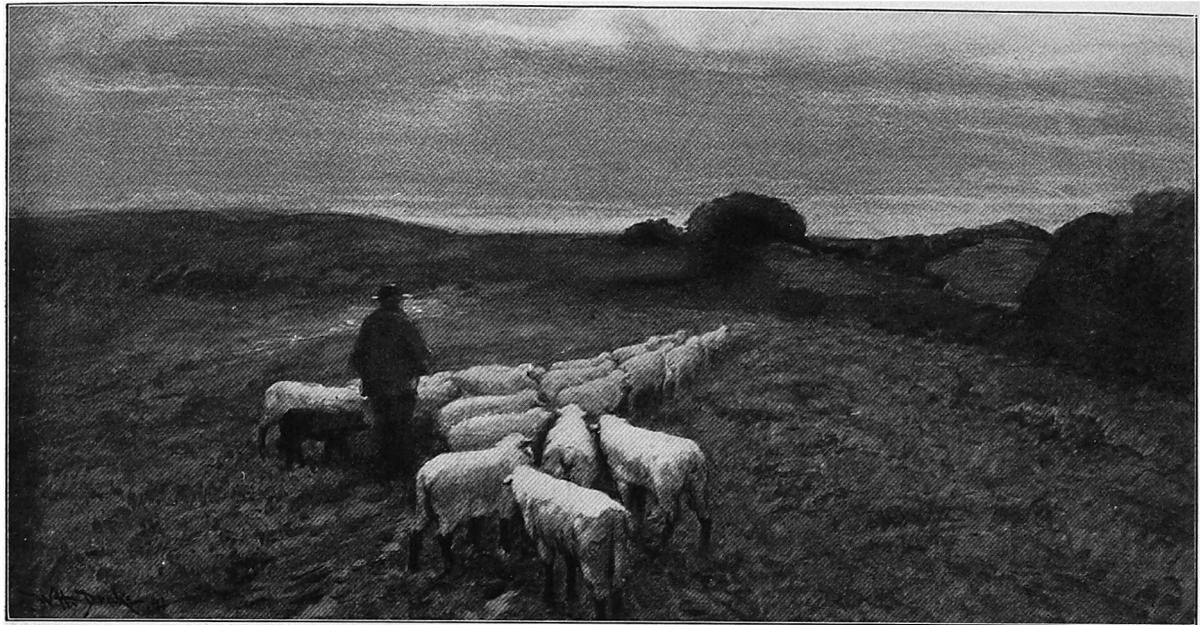
tenderness. How virile and strong he has been in his woodland stretches, how powerful in his skyscapes hovering over the tree copses, how brilliant in his handling of the sunset-glow bursting through dark verdure. On the canvas before which we are now sitting there is hovering the gray mist of a fading day, the placid water in the wood-



UPLAND FIELDS  
By Alexander Schilling

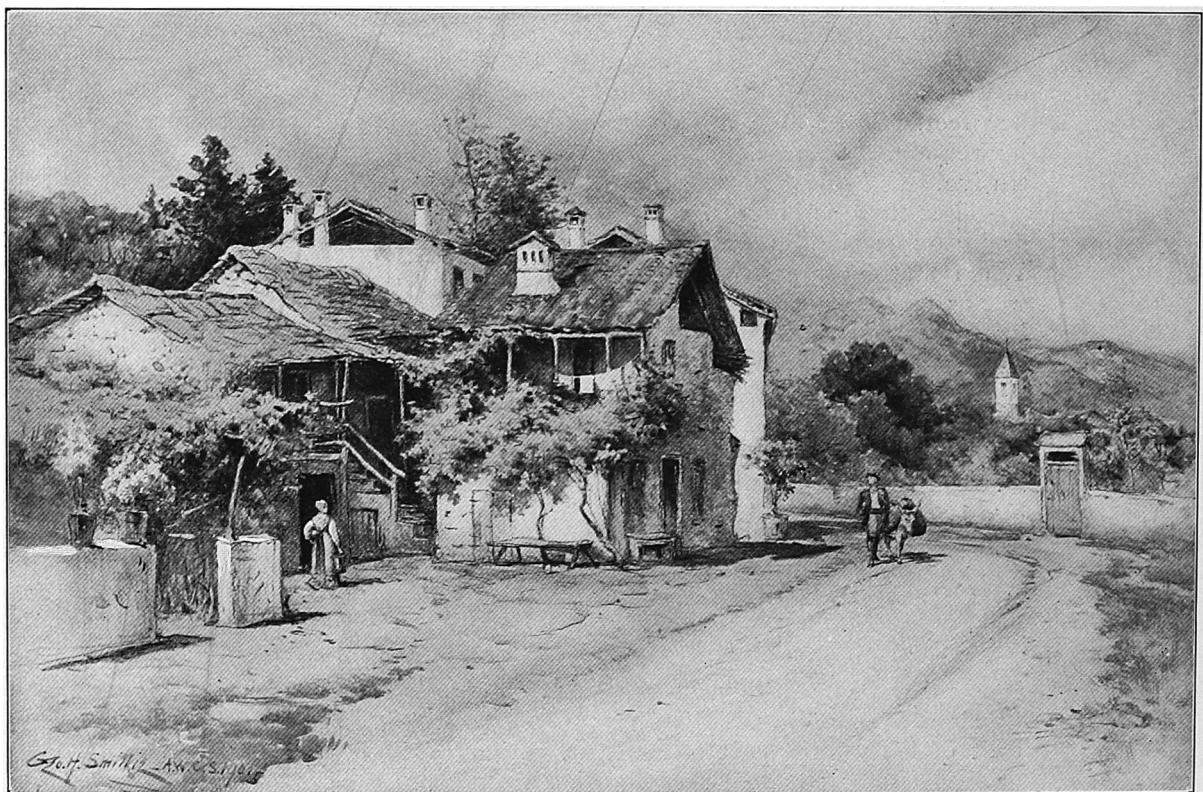
land pool is gently rippled by the puffing breeze, maybe the tall beeches somewhat droop their branches after the heat of afternoon; yet all is so restful, quiet, and lovable. Thus the artist paints his own soul.

His reward has come with the years. It is not so many years ago when Minor was rejected by the high and mighty juries of academy and society. His erstwhile judges we may not know, but his work has outstripped theirs, and is now sought for, surpassing the limit of his productive power. And his physical frailness is surrounded with the comforts of prosperity.



WHEN DAY IS DONE

By W. H. Drake



BAVENO, LAKE MAGGIORE

George H. Smillie

Another studio? Here we are at St. John's. The apostolic name is prefixed by J. Allen. He is a long, laughing, merry-andrew, busying about through the bluish haze made heavy by the cigarette smoke and the burning Japanese incense sticks, attending the punch-bowl and the comforts of his guests. A. H. Maurer, with Mephistophelean countenance suffused by an angelic smile, recounts the latest yarns of the Bal Bullier and of the Parisian *Quartier*, whence he returned but a few months ago; F. Luis Mora walks the human hair as Signor Agostino used to do it in the circus; G. Glenn Newell throws in some dry jokes that make us shake; Hy. Mayer, the caricaturist, tells his telephone story and gives absolutely perfect imitations of famous people, from the late Queen Victoria to Oom Paul Kruger and George Inness, Jr., the president of the Salmagundi Club; and over there sits Albert L. Groll, quiet and happy. The brushes are laid aside, and these men "in the foreground of human life," laugh care to scorn, and in the buoyancy of their hopes turn like marigolds toward the sunny side. How bright life gleams with its illusions, aspirations, dreams!

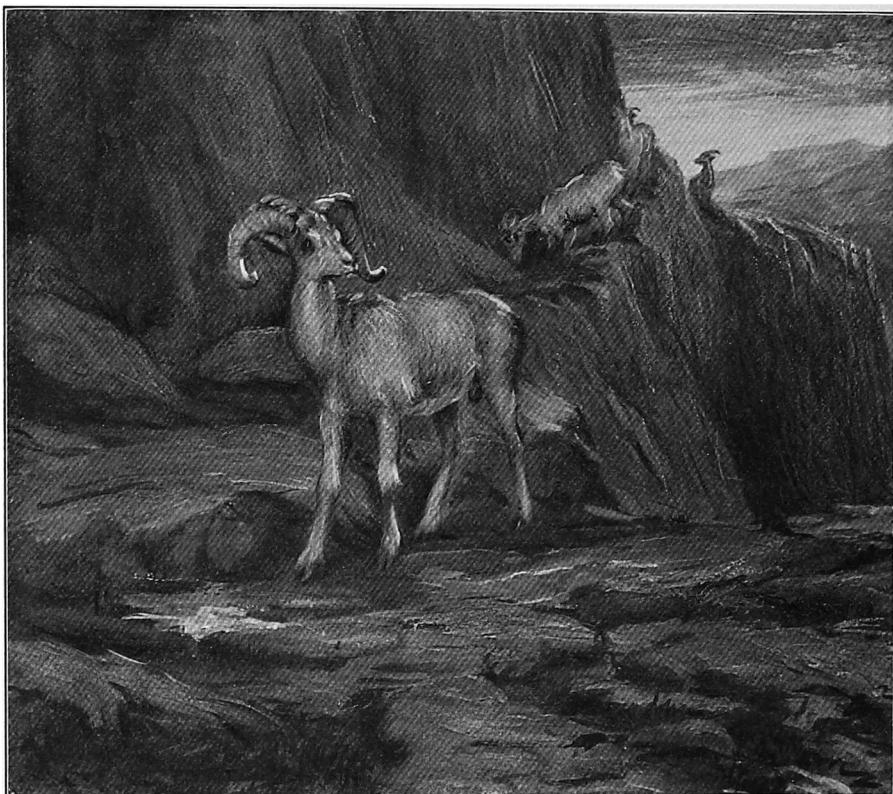
Yet these faces at other times wear the stern expression of determination and strength. They have all shown their mettle, some plucked laurels in the struggle. Against the wall stands St. John's "Alice in Wonderland." A young girl of about ten years is depicted sitting in a high-backed chair, her hands resting on the arms of the chair. In her eyes is the far-away look which sees the fairy visions of which she has just read in the story-books scattered on the floor at her feet. The whole is in a quiet color scheme and of a serious impression. There is excellent drawing; the background is unobtrusive.

Then there is Maurer. A young man filled with serious ideals, he seeks expression in a tonal quality of work which is convincing. When first he went to Paris he entered Julian's, but found after a week or so that no good but much harm would come to him, and he let the schools alone and studied the masters at the Louvre. The result—a wonderful power over his pigment, which he controls with dexterity. When he came home this winter and saw the trend of art here accepted by the miscellaneous buyer, he felt like giving up. "There is no hope for me," he plaintively laments. But he sends a canvas to the Salmagundi Club exhibition, where out of a hundred and more pictures it receives the Inness, Jr., prize; he sends three canvases to the Society of American Artists' exhibition, and while nine hundred out of thirteen hundred canvases are rejected, all three are marked "one" by the jury, and—credit to the hanging committee—all three are hung on the line.

This is not luck! It is the recognition of sterling worth. There is scarcely a man with such power over values, such looseness, such freedom of handling. His work makes one think of Whistler's portrait of his mother, yet so vastly differing in its method that the

likeness is only suggested, and not to be found in imitation of the pyrotechnic master. The future has to reckon with this young man.

I spoke last month of F. Luis Mora's work. The mural painting which adorns the public library in Lynn, Massachusetts, shows the ambitious manner in which this artist carries out his inventions. It represents "The Awakening of Ignorance," and is a well-thought-out



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP  
By A. Phimister Proctor

scheme of excellent draughtsmanship. Hy. Mayer has brought along an advance copy of a children's book, now published by E. P. Dutton. It is entitled "A Trip to Toyland," and relates a healthy dream of a youngster anent his toys. The graceful lines of Mayer's pen are in evidence in the illustrations, and must convey even to the baby-mind the first principles of beauty in the artist's flowing and sweeping curves.

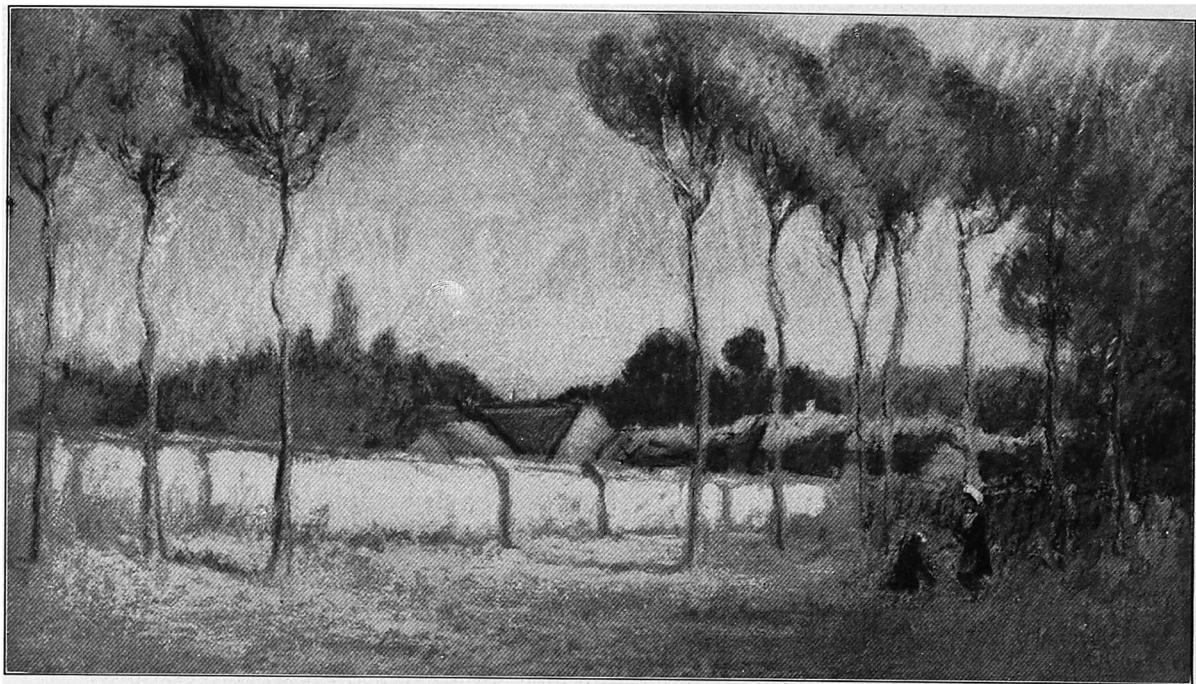
Albert L. Groll has not quite arrived. His work varies in treatment, although some of it is important, as it has hung on the line at the Academy. A recent exhibit of twenty-one of his sketches at the

Chicago Art Institute attracted considerable attention from the local critics, especially his "Old Road to Schleisheim," which is loose in

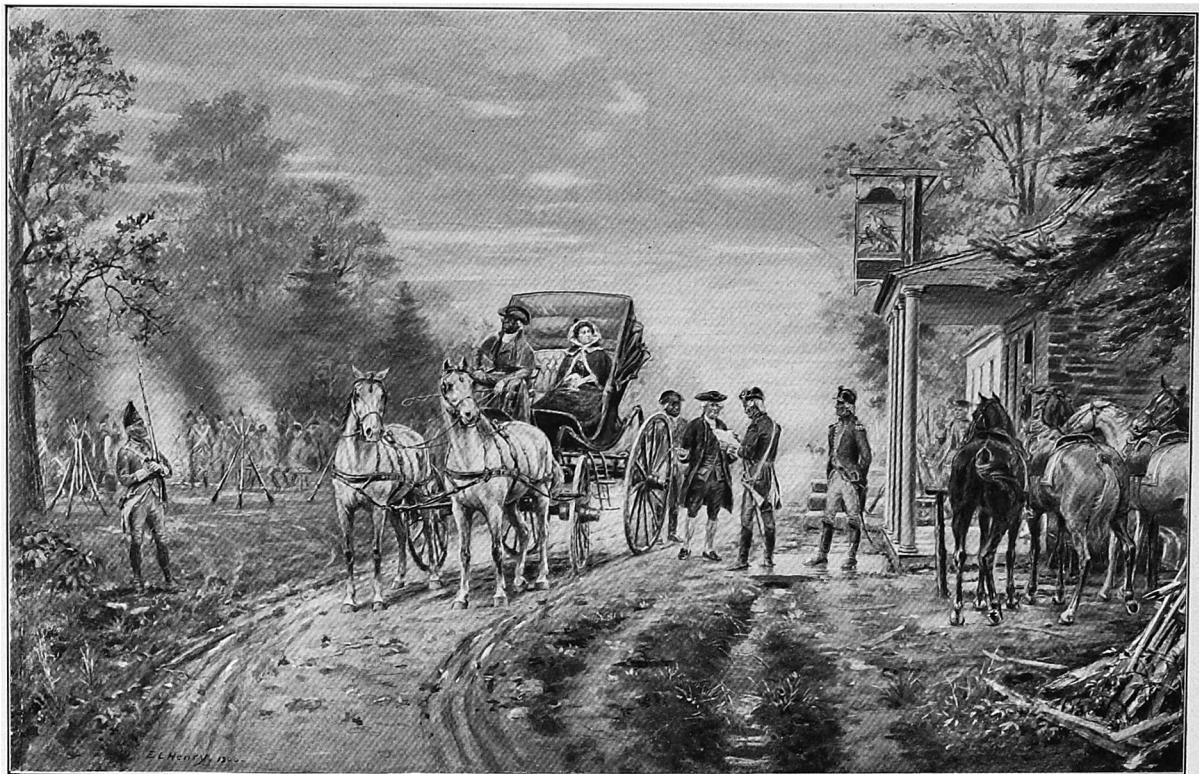


"THEN ARISE—THE LARK IS SHAKING SUNLIT WINGS"  
By A. M. Turner

handling, of excellent color and pleasing design. His work deserves praise for its outdoor feeling, its sincere portrayal of nature, the charm



SUNSET NEAR MORET, FRANCE  
By George H. McCord



PASSING THE OUTPOSTS  
By E. L. Henry

which invests a brush without mannerism. To the observant eye of the critical collector there is the earnest of great merit, and even the inquiring amateur compares the honesty of purpose and poetic simplicity of his outdoor work with belabored reproductions of studio compositions.

G. Glenn Newell is a painter of the bovine race. I had just that morning seen at his studio the lay-in of a large cattle picture—some cows in a meadow. Originally he painted still-life, but the longer one seeks to escape from one's *métier*, the surer the grasp when the natural bent has free course. So he has come to interpret faultlessly the philosophical indolence, the calm resignation, the vagueness of look of the patient milk-givers, or the fiery eye, the heavy, cumbrous tread of a storm-stamped herd in the Scottish Highlands. Not a clear day passes that he is not out on the Jersey meadows studying his favorite models. And then we all join in the chorus: "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

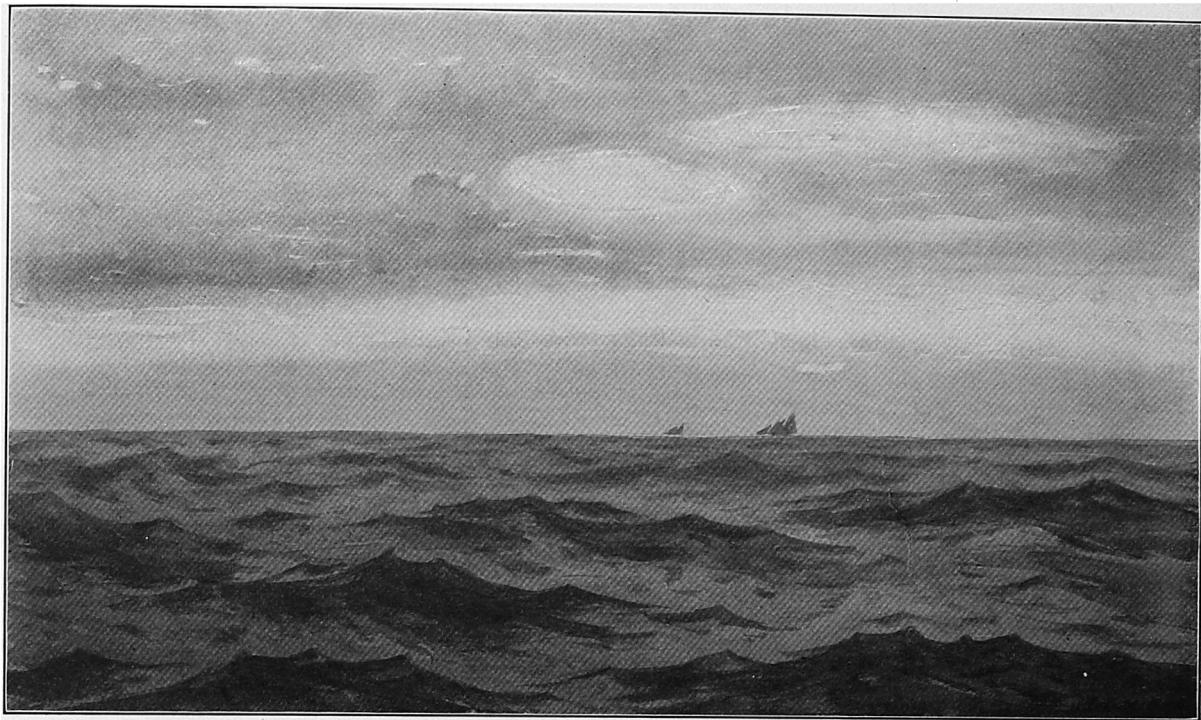
The best time to visit an artist in his studio for a quiet chat, while not keeping him from his work, is on a dark, rainy day. With pipes lit and something between us, we loll back in the easy-chairs in *dolce far niente*. All around hang kimonos, tapestries, odd weapons; the model-throne is pushed in the corner, my hat hangs on the left ear of the life-size lay-figure, rugs cover the floor, screens are about, the whole studio becomes a cozy corner.

He is a great talker, my vis-à-vis, who shall remain nameless, when he lets loose, and an excellent worker for all that. Something has disgruntled him, and as we are settled—

"What do you think of that close corporation affair up in Buffalo? Call that a representative American art exhibition? It is nothing of the kind. Just thirty-eight pictures out of the many hundreds submitted to the jury have been accepted. The whole show is made up of pictures invited from friends and acquaintances of the management. I know of pictures, accepted by a half-dozen juries in as many principal cities, that were turned down and crowded out at Buffalo. It is just like it is in Paris. All you need is a pull. Go to one of the masters—coddle him and you get into the Salon; coddle some more and you get a mention. What is the use trying to paint when eternal jealousy and politics will shut the door in your face."

But honest Jack is only in a funk. He'll beat the combination yet and get out on top.

We have been fortunate of late in the exhibitions, which give a fair résumé of what the men are doing. There is decided progress all along the line. Paris last year was an eye-opener to the Continent as far as knowledge of the American school went, and the Academy and Society of American Artists shows, as well as the exhibitions of the Water Color Society, of the Salmagundi Club, of "The Ten," and of the "Landscape Painters," hold well up to like exhibitions



THE GOLDEN BAR OF EVENING

By F. K. M. Rehn



THE FOLD

By Frank Russell Green

abroad. The Society exhibition is not so numerous but of more sustained value than last year's Royal Academy in London.

It is noteworthy that our men are looking more and more for tone in their work. Examples of this at the Society were a portrait by H. M. Walcott, a magnificent "Autumn Twilight" by Henry Golden Dearth, Jules Wengel's "Evening on the Canche," a landscape with running water in Thaulow's style. Addison T. Millar, just returned from abroad, has astounded his *confrères* by the vast strides he has made, as signalized in his "Moonrise, Blaricum." E. Irving Couse glazes, yet is sincere. W. Merritt Post shows also his feeling for quality in "Slow Declining Day," and John Noble Barlow, while following too much the English method in his "Dorset Meadows," is wholly convincing and satisfactory in his "Cornish Lane."

Another young artist, but a rising painter withal, to be singled out, is John G. Saxton, who exhibited "The Return Home" and "The Watering Place," the latter being a luminous bit with correctly drawn figures and a thin, light atmosphere. Likewise Robert Henri has two canvases which bespeak great talent, with a Manet influence. Really the best landscape in this exhibition was Ben Foster's "Mists of the Morning."

At the Water Color Society, the work of Frank Russell Green, F. K. M. Rehn, Will Robinson, Harry Fenn, George McCord, Edward Moran, E. H. Pothast, and others made this one of the best aggregations of sheets in the lighter medium ever brought together.

Conversing last summer with a foreign artist upon the subject of topographical painting in America, he observed that the picturesqueness of the ancient towns of the Continent, so attractive to American artists, should convince them that the equally picturesque views of American scenery and American cities would be avidously demanded by continental buyers. He pointed to Homer Lee's "Building of a Skyscraper," Schreyvogel's "My Bunkie," and some other canvases in the American section in Paris, which attracted great attention, as cases in point. Would there had been some of Thomas Moran's Yellowstone scenery to speak of the grandeur of our great West!

DAVID C. PREYER.



### CLEVER WORK OF STUDENTS

Much clever work is done by students at the various schools that never gets to the general public, since it is designed for issuance in catalogues or annuals which have a special or limited circulation. These drawings are worthy of presentation to a wider circle of art lovers than that which would see them in the natural course of events. The following are published by permission from a forthcoming year-book, and are suggestive of what the student classes are doing: